INDIVIDUALITY IN HOUSE DECORATION IN ST. LOUIS.

With Some Photographic Examples Made for The Sunday Republic.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Of picturesque interior bits of furnishing, there are many among the handsome and luxurious homes of St. Louis. The tendency of the last few years has been toward a persistent seeking for individuality in the appointment of modern houses. The blind following of a stereotyped fashion is no longer in vogue. Nowadays, the mistress of the manse—sometimes it is the master—desires that a certain apartment or apartments shall in some measure express herself, and reflect her tastes and inclinations. To that end she picks and chooses her furnishings, spending days and weeks of careful thought on the harmonies of color and the arrangement of bric-a-brac, so that when the room is at last completed and her admiring family and friends are graciously permitted to take the first peep, their first remark is more than likely to be, "How much this room looks like you!"

There is perhaps no room in St. Louis on which more time and thought were expended and in which the skill and taste of the owner is more in evidence than the small Chinese tearoom, which the late Mrs. Henry Siegrist fitted up in her Westmoreland place house shortly after it was completed. The decorations for this room were the careful selection of years, each of the satin, handpainted wall panels being purchased one at a time while Mrs. Siegrist traveled about. They are almost priceless, and, as may be imagined, exquisite examples of the Chinese artists' best work.

A home which is dominated by the taste of the mistress is that of Mrs. Zach Tinker, No. 3533 Longfellow boulevard. Mrs. Tinker's French parlor is a little gem, and most daintily appointed. The colors are pink and pale sea green, a thick soft carpet of these hues covering the floor; and the walls tinted faintly green, forming an acceptable background for many valuable French watercolors, the collection of which is one of Mr. Tinker's pet fads. Not a few of these pictures are figure studies of picturesque French court ladies, and in almost every one a close observer can trace some resemblance to the charming chatelaine of the Tinker household. The hangings are of sea green Chinese silk, bordered with deep dull ecru Battenberg lace.

On the third floor of the Tinker home Mrs. Tinker has allowed her fancy to run riot and has turned the entire place into a Turkish living room, which is the joy of her friends. It is especially comfortable for winter evenings for the entertainment of small card parties and a general and cozy good time. Here the walls are hung with Turkish draperies, gay posters adding a bit of color now and then, with occasionally a Turkish sword upholding the drapery, or a tall Oriental figure piece surmounting a pedestal with luxurious cushions plied about its base.

The deep bow windows are cushioned seats affording delightful nooks for comfort. A large center table may be used equally well for games and cards or for the serving of an informal supper, a sideboard near by supplying the requisite chafing dishes and table appointments.

Out in the pretty suburb of Cabanne there are many picturesquely furnished homes, none more cozy and interesting than that of Mr. Charles E. Ware. A "poster den" fitted up by Mr. Ware's son, Bissell Ware, before his marriage to Miss Eliza Boyd, was the favorite nook of all of the household's friends, who invariably found something new to admire at each visit. Mr. Bissell Ware collected the posters, which were of all descriptions—theatrical, literary and merely spectacular—from time to time, and as fast as he acquired one of especial interest, tacked it up on the walls in a good position, with pipe racks, boxing gloves, dainty statuettes and the bric-a-brac which a collegian generally manages to get together, interspersed for relief.

After Mr. Bissell Ware's marriage the room was left intact, and is still one of the favorite resorts of the Ware household.

There are many other apartments in St. Louis homes that show evidences of taste and discrimination on the part of their owners. Mrs. Alexander Cochran owns a "morning-room," as she calls it, done in chintz and redolent of dainty femininity, which is greatly admired by the privileged few who have seen it.

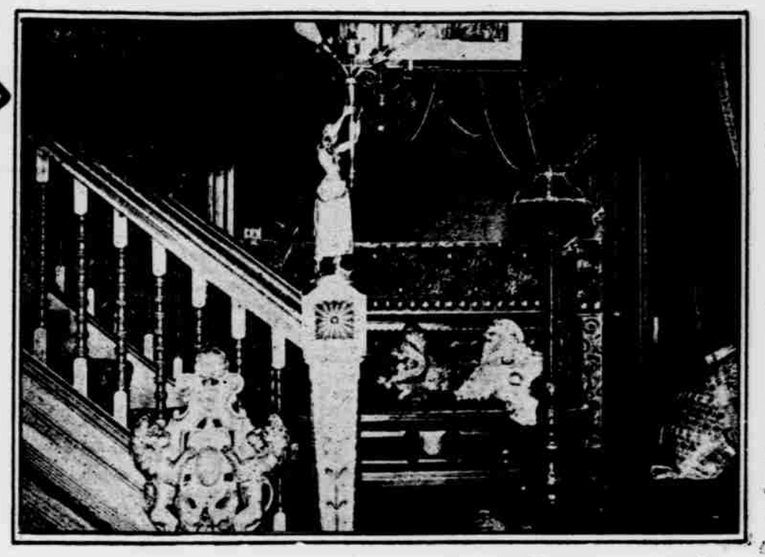
The "breakfast-room" in the Lindell boulevard residence of Edward S. Pierce is another cozy apartment, where early toast and eggs become as ambrosia; and coffee poured from Mrs. Pierce's antique silver pot takes on the flavor and fragrance of ambrosia.

For combined coziness and luxury, no library in St. Louis equals that of Byron Nugent in Westmoreland place. The books are easy of access and look as if they are often used. The shaded lamps are in soft-toned colors, beautiful to look at, and restful to the eyes as well. The few pictures are most carefully chosen—some old engravings, a water color or two by the French genre painters, with just enough bronzes and bits of marble to add elegance without giving the room the look of a curiosity shop. Writing materials are at hand, but do not obtrude themselves, as is often the case in many libraries. The chairs are luxurious "sleepy-hollows" or window couches piled with pillows. This library is one of Mrs. Nugent's favorite apartments, and its furnishings are almost entirely her selection.

ONE SIDE WALL OF THE "POSTER DEN" IN THE CABANNE HOME OF CHARLES E WARE

TAKEN BY A STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

CORNER IN MRS. ZACH TINKER'S BIJOU PARLOR.



RECEPTION HALL AND STAIRCASE IN THE ZACH TINKER RESIDENCE ON LONGFELLOW BOULEVARD

RODE ON HORSEBACK ONE THOUSAND MILES TO WAR.

Remarkable Feat of a Man, Still Living in Missouri, Who Wanted to Fight the Mexicans.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Macon, Mo., July 6.—James S. Barker, a Missouri farmer, is a veteran of the Mexican War who rode on an old farm horse a thousand miles, in the spring of 1847, to join Colonel Jack C. Hayes, then at Austin, Tex., recruiting for General Zachary Taylor's army. The distance is about 750 miles direct, but this patriotic horseman couldn't find all the roads running straight, and he frequently had to make wide detours to find ferries and good fording places. He crossed the Missouri River at Boonville, on the ice. He took provisions with him, but the simple statement that he was bound for the war insured him a hospitable welcome wherever he could find a cabin in the then thinly settled country.

Mr. Barker didn't have to go to war. He was an independent Missouri hunter and trapper, and there was no conscription. But the news that filtered through to his little Northern Missouri home led him to think his country needed him, and he quietly laid aside his pursuit of deer, foxes, wildcats and the like for the more exciting one of hunting men.

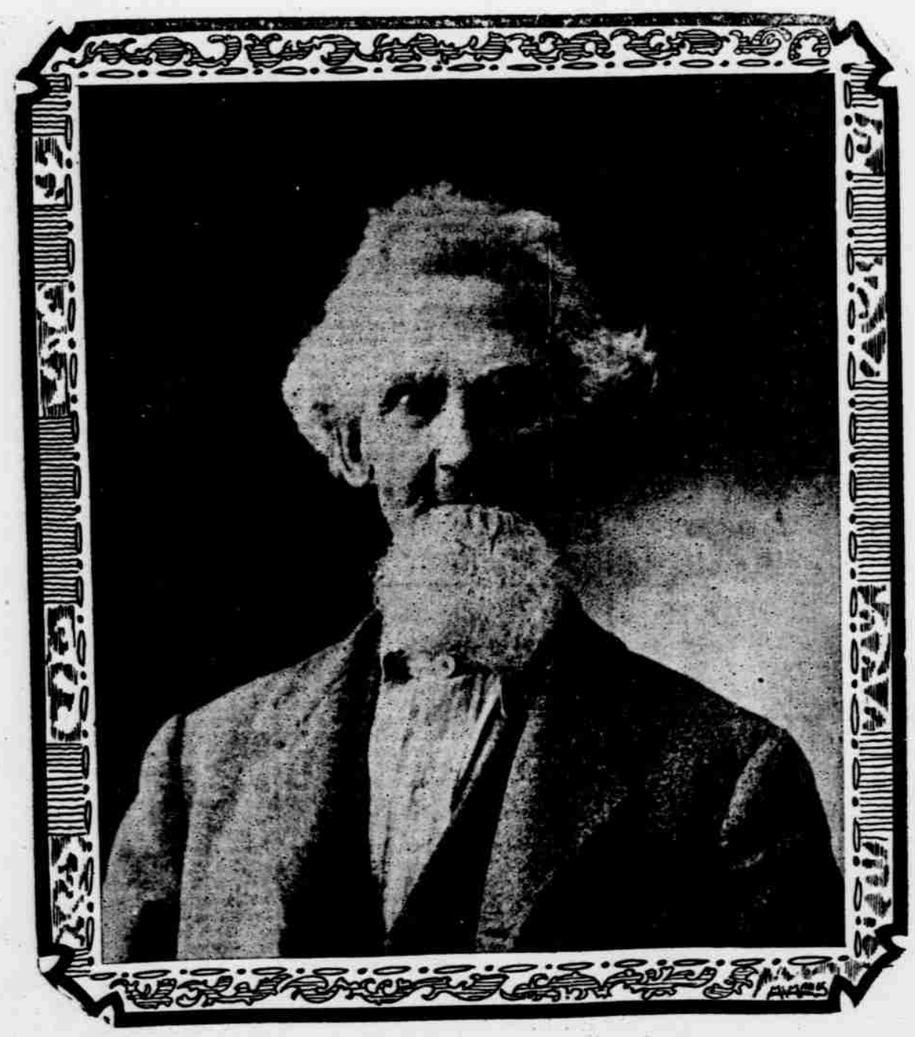
When he reached Austin the horse that had carried Mr. Barker so faithfully on his long journey, evidently thinking it had done enough, laid down and died. Mr. Barker got a new mount and sallied forth with Colonel Hayes's regiment, in quest of General Taylor, but before reaching him the regiment received orders to re-enforce General Winfield Scott, who was then passing on to Vera Cruz. This was the first regiment to re-enforce General Scott after entering Mexico, and it was enthusiastically welcomed by the weary American troops.

Vera Cruz fell in March, and there was hard fighting at Cerro Gordo and at Jalapa, in both of which engagements the Americans were victorious. Mr. Barker fought in nearly all the great battles of the Mexican War until he was mustered out at Vera Cruz on April 20, 1848. He then went to New Orleans, and made his trip home on a steamboat, a ride far less interesting, he says, than his journey to the south on horseback.

Mr. Barker's was the first regiment equipped with Colt's revolvers, and this early invention of a repeating arm was regarded as something not far short of a marvel. The soldiers were encouraged to practice pistol shooting while riding rapidly on horseback, and they became so expert that the Mexican officers found it hard work to keep their men in line when "Jack" Hayes and his "double-sixers" got in among them.

Among the mementoes of his Mexican War experience Mr. Barker has a cane from a bullet-riddled tree at Churubusco, a gold ring with three diamonds, a present from the alcalde of Mexico after the city's surrender to General Scott, and a copper grape shot he found at the Alamo in July, 1847.

Mr. Barker was born at Jersey Shore, Pa., April 21, 1823, and has been a Missourian since his removal here on June 1, 1842, with the exception of the time he was shooting at the Mexicans under General Santa Ana. He is yet strong and mentally vigorous, and can easily do a "full day's work" on his farm, or take a hand with the "boys" on a hunt. He now lives between Shelbina and Shelbyville, near the proposed line of the Elsdon and St. Louis Railroad.



James S. Barker Who Made the Remarkable Ride.

MARIE CORELLI'S NEW BOOK.

"Boy" Is a Pathetic Story of Modern Life.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

The title of Marie Corelli's new book is rather misleading. It is called "Boy, A Sketch." (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) As a matter of fact it is not what one expects to find upon reading a sketch; it is a book, and not at all in the nature of a short story. A novel of 348 pages is not a sketch in the usually accepted meaning of the term, and yet Miss Corelli named her book to suit her own fancy. She is doubtless right in calling it a sketch of "Boy's" life, for it is but a portion of the young man's history that she sets forth.

The story begins with "Boy's" childhood: "It may be conceded by those who know anything about married life and housekeeping that boy began his career among curious surroundings. From his 'feeding-chair' he saw strange sights—sights which often puzzled him, caused him to beat monotonous time with his baton-spoon in order to distract his little brain. Two large, looming figures occupied his horizon—'Muzzy' and 'Poo Sing.' 'Muzy, was the easy-going stout lady in felt slippers, who gave him his bread-and-milk and said he was her boy; 'Poo Sing' was, in the few tranquil moments of his existence, understood to be 'Dads' or 'Papa.' Boy somehow could never call him either 'Dads' or 'Papa' when he was seized by his staggering fits; such terms were not sufficiently compassionate for an unfortunate gentleman who was subject to a malady which would not allow him to keep steady on his feet without clutching at the sideboard or the mantlepiece. Boy had been told by 'Muzzy' that when 'Papa' rolled about the room he was 'very ill,' and the most eloquent language could not fittingly describe the innocent and tender emotions of pity in Boy's mind when he beheld the progenitor of his being thus cruelly afflicted!

"Were it possible to touch a drunkard's heart in the midcareer of his drunkenness, then the gentle murmur of 'poo sing!' from the fresh, rosy lips of a little child, and that child his own son, might have moved to a sense of uneasy shame and remorse the particular tough and fibrous nature of Captain the Honorable D'Arcy-Muir. But Captain the Honorable was of that ancient and royal birth which may be seen asserting itself in rowdy theater parties at restaurants in Piccadilly, and he, with the rest of his distinguished set, said openly: 'D——n sentiment!' As for any sacredness in the life of a child, or any idea of grave responsibility resting upon him as a father for that child's future, such primitive notions never occurred to him. Sometimes when Boy stared at him very persistently with solemnly inquiring grave blue eyes, he would become suddenly and violently irritated, and would demand: 'What is the little beggar staring at? Looks like a d——d idiot!'

"Then, pouring more whisky out of the ever-present bottle into the ever-present glass, he would yell to his wife: 'See here, old woman, this child is going to be an infernal idiot! A regular water-on-the-brain knock-down idiot! Staring at me for all the world as if I were a gorilla! He's overfed—that's what's the matter! Guzzling on bread and milk till he can't get a drop more down. Never saw such a —— little pig in all my —— life!'

"Boy, lately arrived from the Infinite, was guiltless of his present dubious surroundings. He did not make his 'Honorable' father a drunkard or his mother a sloven. * * * Boy used to compare 'Muzzy' with another lady who sometimes came to visit him, Miss Letitia Leslie, a wonderful vision to Boy's admiring eyes, a rustling, glistening dream, made up of soft, dove-colored silk and violet-scented old lace, and tender, calm blue eyes, and small hands with big diamonds flashing on their dainty whiteness—'Miss Letty,' as she was generally called, and 'that purse-proud old maid,' as Captain the Honorable frequently designated her. Boy had his own title for her. It was 'Kiss Letty,' instead of Miss Letty, and he would often ask, in dull moments, when the numerous perplexities of his small mind became too entangled for him to bear, 'Where is Kiss Letty? Me wants Kiss Letty. Kiss Letty loves Boy—Boy loves Kiss Letty.'"

Miss Letty was a dear lady, indeed. She was gentle, sweet and amiable, and possessed of a fortune. Her lover had died years before, and she had been faithful to his memory all her life. She was exceedingly charitable. "Much of the grinding of the ceaseless wheel of tribulation did Miss Letitia see as she went to and fro on her various errands of mercy and friendship, but perhaps among all the haunts and home where her personality was familiar, her interest had seldom been more strongly aroused than in the ill ordered household in Hereford Square, where Captain, the Honorable D'Arcy-Muir, drank and swore, and his wife 'slovened' the hours away in muddle and misanthropy. For here was Boy—Boy, a soft, smiling morsel of helpless and innocent expectancy. Boy who stretched out plump mottled arms to 'Kiss-Letty,' and said chucklingly 'Ullo!' an exclamation he had picked up from the friendly policeman at the corner of the square, who greeted him thus when he went out in his perambulator. 'Ullo! 'Ows 'oo Kiss-Letty? Wants Boy out! Kiss-Letty, take Boy wiz 'er walk-talk.'

"Which observation, rendered into heavier English, implied that Boy politely inquired after Miss Letitia's health, and desired to go out walking, and likewise talking, with that lady.

"And no one in all the world responded more promptly or more lovingly to Boy's delightful amenities than Miss Letitia did. The wisely sweet expression of the child's face fascinated her; she saw in Boy the possibilities of noble manhood, graced perhaps by the rarest gifts of genius."

Miss Letitia wanted to adopt Boy, educate him, and endow him with wealth. She had him on a long visit to her house, but his selfish mother, who did not like Miss Letitia very well, jealously refused to "give up her son," though the drunken father was willing that Boy should take advantage of Miss Letitia's beneficence. It was a bitter blow to Miss Letitia, and when the boy grew older and his mother was still spiteful, she came to the reluctant conclusion that she must let all thought of him and hope for him go out of her life.

Boy was in the way of being ruined. With bad influences at home, careless teachers, and the loss of dear Miss Letty, he became an embittered youth. Then his mother sent him to a cheap school in France, so that he might be quite away from Miss Letty's influence.

When he came back to England, badly taught, and very unhappy, Miss Letty was in America, looking after the orphan niece of a friend. He stood the examination for the army, barely got in, and soon afterwards disgraced himself by being drunk and disorderly. He was expelled from Sandhurst, disgraced. His father's curses and his mother's selfish reproaches only embittered him. After several trying experiences, during one of which he learned that Miss Letty still loved him, he enlisted as a private for the war in South Africa. He had needed money on one occasion, and had written to Miss Letty for it. Her prompt response pleased him, but the amount was not sufficient, and he made the check read £500, instead of 50. When he found that she had acknowledged the check, and saved him from a second disgrace, his shame and repentance came, and the money was returned to her. Then he went away to Africa.

The end of Boy's career came at the battle of Colenso. Miss Letty's young friend, Violet Morrison, had offered her services as a nurse, she had been trained for her duties, and she was in South Africa also. When they brought Boy to the hospital, he was accompanied by a young Lieutenant, Alister McDonald, who had not recognized the private soldier, whom he had rescued, as his old playmate, Boy. Recognition came, and Violet Morrison heard McDonald exclaim: "Boy!" She hurried toward the wounded man. She must help him for Miss Letty's sake, for she knew the sad story.

"Ah, you've done something brave—already!" murmured Boy to Alister McDonald. "You always said you would—you wanted to be a hero, and you've—you've begun! I wanted to do something great, too—for Miss Letty's sake——"

His voice sank. Moved by a compassionate wish to rouse him once more, Violet Morrison suddenly put her arms round him as he lay and said clearly:

"Boy!"

He stared at her and a little smile crept round his mouth.

"Boy," she went on sobbingly, "can you hear me—can you understand?"

He made a faint sign of assent.

"I know Miss Letty," she went on, in her sweet, thrilling tones, "and you've seen me, and I have seen you, only you don't remember me just now. Poor Boy! I know Miss Letty, and I know how she loves you and wants to see you again."

A gray shadow fell warningly on his features, but he still kept his eyes fixed on Violet.

"Does—she—know?"

"She knows—she knows!" answered Violet, unable to restrain her tears. "She knows how hard everything was for you—yes, dear Boy, she knows!—and she loves you just as dearly now as when you were a little child."

A grave peace began to compose and soften his face, as though it were touched by some invisible sweet angel's hand.

"Tell her—that I enlisted—to get a chance—of making amends—doing something good—brave—to make her proud of me—but it's too late now—too late——"

A terrible convulsion seized him, and the sharp agony of it caused him to spring half upright. The surgeon caught him and held him fast.

"Boy! Oh, Boy!" cried Violet.

"It's all right!" he said dreamily. "All forgiven—all right! Don't cry. Tell Miss Letty not to cry. Tell her—Boy—Boy left his love!"

An awed silence followed, and then young Alister McDonald, with a tenderness which, though he knew it not, was destined to deepen into a husband's life-long devotion later on, drew the weeping Violet gently aside that she might give her tears full vent, while the surgeon reverently drew a covering over the quiet face of the dead.

When the news reached England and they went to tell Miss Letty about Boy they found her dead. So ends the story of Boy.

Staff and Employes of the St. Louis Poorhouse.